

ROBIN HOOD'S

GARLAND,

BEING A COMPLEAT

HISTORY

OF ALL THE

NOTABLE and MERRY EXPLOITS

Performed by him and his Men on divers Occasions:

GIVING

A more full and particular Account of his Birth, &c.
than hitherto published.



I send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound,
To hit the Mark aright, altho'
It were for Fifteen Hundred Pound;
Doubt not I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold Robin Hood.

L O N D O N:

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plate, on the most reasonable Terms.

TO ALL
GENTLEMEN ARCHERS.

THIS Garland has been long out of Repair,
Some SONGS being wanting, of which we
give account;
For now at last, by true industrious Care,
The sixteen Songs to twenty-seven we mount:
With large additions, which needs must please I
know,
All the ingenious Yeomen of the Bow.

To read how Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stoutly, valiant, bold and free,
Each of them bravely, fair play'd the Man,
While they did reign beneath the Greenwood-
Tree;
Bishops, Fryars, likewise many more,
Parted with their Gold for to encrease their
Store;
But never would they rob or wrong the Poor.



THE

T H E

PREFACE TO THE READER.

THERE is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of Robin Hood and Little John. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the opinion of an unthinking People; I have often heard it asserted by Men of good sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain; for King Richard the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himself and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of England was very great at that time; and even John, the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him and take possession of his kingdom. This War was an opportunity which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no means neglect, and England was every where infested with thieves and Robbers. But amongst these, none made so considerable a Figure as Robin Hood; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any credit to most of our old Songs, was very conversant in the county of Nottingham. Besides Little John he had an Hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, and none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robbed, and never offered to stop or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opi-

nion of the Historian is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took to that way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got than to live in a dependant State and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress these Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price on the Head of Robin Hood, and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their attempts proved fruitless. Force he rejected by Force, and Art by cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to Birkley's a Nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let to lod; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed: and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was bled to death, about the latter end of 1395.

As to the following Song, with which we shall begin this Collection, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it, being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading of it, and that is, between some of the Stanzas we must suppose a considerable Time to pass. Clorinda might be thought a very forward Girl, if between Robin Hood's Question and her answer, we did not suppose two or three Hours to have been spent in Courtship. And between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamwell-Hall, and his having Ninety-three Bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some Years: I know not how our Critics will relish this; but I would have them remember that our Poets of old scorned to curb the Poetic Fire to give way to dull Rule. They had no tedious Comment upon Aristotle to consult; no Bossu's nor Dennis's to guide them; or at least, they had too much Spirit to be guided by them: Their Works were the first Flight of a lovely Imagination; and Poets were looked upon like other Englishmen, born to live and write with Freedom.

ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND.

The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of
Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Tit-
bury-Feast.

Supposed to be related by the Fidler who played
at their Wedding.



KIND Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon,
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his man brave Little John.
In Locksly Town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly Town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.
The father of Robin a Forester was,
And he shot in a lefty strong bow,
Two North country miles and an inch at a shoot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know,
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William a Clowdelie,
To shoot with our Forester for forty marks,
And the Forester beat them all three.
His mother was neice to the Coventry Knight,
Which Warwickshire men call sir Guy,
For he slew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lye.

Her brother was Gamwell, of Great Gamwell-Hall,
 A noble house-keeper was he,
 Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
 And a squire of famous degree.
 The mother of Robin said to her husband,
 My honey, my love, and my dear,
 Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell,
 And taste of my brother's good cheer.
 And he said, I grant thy boon, gentle John,
 Take one of my horses I pray:
 The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
 For to-morrow his Christmas-Day.
 Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
 And saddled and bridled was he;
 God what a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
 And a cloak that did reach to his knee,
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown;
 They were of a light Lincoln green;
 The cloth was home spun, but for colour and make,
 It might have becomed a queen.
 And then Robin got on his basket hilt sword,
 And his dagger on his other side;
 And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
 We have forty long miles to ride.
 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
 His father, without any trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bade her not fear,
 For his gelding had often carried double.
 And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
 And drank and shook hands with them all;
 And then Robin gallop'd and never gave o'er,
 'Till they lighted at Gamwell Hall.
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire,
 Was joyful his sister to see!
 For he kiss'd her and hugg'd her and swore a great oath,
 Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.
 To-morrow when mass had been said in the Chapel.
 Six tables were covered in the hall,
 And in comes the 'squire and makes a short speech,
 It was, gentlemen, you are welcome all;
 But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
 'Till a Christmas carol he doth sing.
 Then all clapp'd their hands, and they shouted and sung:
 'Till

'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.
 Now mustard and brawn, roast beef, and plumb pies,
 Were set upon every table;
 And noble George Gamwell said, eat and be merry,
 And drink too as long as you are able.
 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
 And be merry, my friends, said the 'squire;
 It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
 And lay some more wood on the fire.
 And call ye Little John hither to me,
 For Little John is a fine lad,
 At gambols, and jugglings, and twenty such tricks,
 As shall make you merry and glad.
 When Little John came, to gambols they went,
 Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown:
 And now you may think? why true as I live,
 Bold Robin Hood put them all down,
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire,
 Was joyful this sight for, to see;
 For he said, cousin Robin, thou goest no more home,
 But tarry and dwell here with me;
 Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,
 Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
 Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
 That Little John may be my page,
 And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,
 With all my heart to let it be;
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
 Come hither, my page, unto me,
 Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
 And broad arrows, one two, or three;
 For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,
 Some merry pastime to see.
 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
 He winded his bugle so clear;
 And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
 Before Robin Hood did appear.
 Where are you companions all, said Robin Hood?
 For still I want forty and three.
 Then said a bold yeoman, lo yonder they stand,
 All under a green-wood tree.
 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
 The queen of the shepherds was she;
 And her gown was of velvet, as green as the grass,

And

And her buskin did reach to her knee.
 Her gate was so graceful, her body was strait,
 And her countenance was free from pride,
 A bow in her hand, a quiver of arrows,
 Hung dangling by her sweet side.
 Her eyebrows was black, ay, and so was her hair,
 And her skin was as smooth as glass;
 Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too,
 Sets with Robin Hood such a lass,
 Says Robin Hood, fair lady, whither away?
 Oh whither, fair lady, away;
 And she made him answer, to kill a fat buck,
 For to-morrow is Titbury-Day.
 Said Robin Hood, lady fair, wander with me,
 A little to yonder green bower,
 There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure,
 Of a brace, or a leash in an hour.
 And as we were going towards the green bower,
 Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 And shot him thro' side and side,
 By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
 I never saw woman like thee:
 And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
 Thou need'st not beg ven'son from me.
 However, along to my bower you shall go,
 And taste of a forester's meat:
 And when we came thither, we found as good cheer,
 As any man need for to eat.
 For their was hot ven'son, and warden pies cold;
 Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;
 And the servitors there were, besides Little John,
 Good yeomen at least four and twenty.
 Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir?
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood;
 'Squire Gamwell's my uncle; but all my delight
 Is to dwell in merry Sherwood,
 For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife:
 So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd,
 But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet it would be,
 If Clorinda would be my bride!
 She blush'd at the motion; yet after a pause,
 Said, yes Sir, and with all my heart.
 Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,

And

And be marry'd before we do part,
 But she said, it may not be so, gentle fir,
 For I must be at Titbury Feast;
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome guest.
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little John,
 For I'll go along with my dear;
 And bid my yeomen kill fix brace of bucks,
 And meet me to-morrow just here,
 Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
 Eight yeomen, that were too bold.
 Bid bold Robin Hood stand and deliver his buck,
 A truer tale never was told.
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin Hood, come Little John,
 Stand to me, and we'll beat them all.
 Then both drew their swords, and cut 'em and fash'd 'em,
 That five of the eight did fall.
 The three that remain'd, call'd to Robin for quarter,
 And pitiful John begg'd their lives,
 When John's boon was granted, he gave them counsel,
 And so sent them home to their wives,
 This battle was fought near Titbury-town,
 When the bag-pipes baited the bull;
 I am king of the fiddlers, and swear 'tis a truth,
 And I call him that doubts it a gull;
 For I saw them a fighting, and fiddled the while;
 And Clorinda sung hey derry down!
 The bumbkins are beaten; put up thy sword, Bob;
 And now let's dance into the town.
 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
 And all that were in it looked madly:
 For some were a bull back, some dancing a morrice,
 And some singing Arthur a Bracy.
 And there we saw Thomas, our justice's Clerk,
 And Mary, to whom he was kind;
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, maddam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind.
 And so may your worships—But we went to dinner.
 With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan:
 They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
 Bold Robin Hood was a fine man,
 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the parson,
 Of Dubbride was sent for in haste;
 He brought his mats book, and bid them take hands,
 And

And he join'd them in marriage full fast.
 And then as bold Robin Hood, and his sweet bride,
 Went hand in hand to the green bower,
 The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
 And it was a most joyful hour.
 And when Robin Hood came in sight of the bower,
 Where are my yeomen? Said he,
 And Little John answered, Lo, yonder they stand,
 All under a green-wood tree.
 Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
 And plac'd it on the bride's head:
 The music struck up, and we all fell a dancing,
 Till the bride and bridegroom were a bed,
 And what they did there must be council to me,
 Because they lay longer the next day,
 And I made haste home but I got a good piece,
 Of the brides cake, and so came away.
 Now but, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
 That marry'd they were with a ring;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden;
 And now let us pray for the King.
 That he may get children, and they may get more,
 To govern and do us some good;
 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.

ROBIN HOOD's Progress to Nottingham,
 in which he slew Fifteen Foresters,

To the Tune of, Bold Robin Hood, &c.



ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man.
 Derry derry down,
 And fifteen winters old;

And

And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
Of courage stout and bold ;

Hey down, derry, derry down,
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the general for to dine:

There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
Drinking beer, ale, and wine.

What news? what news? said bold Robin Hood!

What news fain would'st thou know?
Our king hath provided a shooting match,
And I am ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen foresters,
That ever a boy so young,
Should bear a bow before our king.

That's not able to draw one string.
I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our lady,

That I hit the mark a hundred rod.

And I'll cause a hart to die.
We'll hold you twenty marks, then said the foresters,
By the leave of our lady:

Thou hit not the mark an hundred rod,
Nor cause the hart to die.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly:

He hit the mark an hundred rod,
And caus'd an hart to die.

Some say he broke ribs one or two;
And some say he broke three;

The arrow in the hart would not abide,
But glanc'd in two or three,

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground:

The wager is mine, said Robin Hood,
If it were for a thousand pound.

The wager is none of thine, said the foresters,
Although thou be'st in haste;

Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
Least we thy sides do baste,

Robin Hood took up a noble good bow,
And his broad arrows all again,

And Robin Hood being pleas'd began for to smile,
As he went over the plain.

Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,

And

And his broad arrows he let fly,
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters,
 Upon the ground did lie.
 He that did the quarrel first begin,
 Went tripping o'er the plain;
 But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 And, fetch'd him back again.
 You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
 But say so now again,
 With that he sent another arrow after him,
 Which split his head in twain.
 You have found me an archer, says Robin Hood,
 Which will make your wives for to wring,
 And wish that you had never spoke the word,
 That I could not draw one string.
 The people that lived in fair Nottingham,
 Came running out amain,
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
 With the foresters that were slain,
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some did lose their blood;
 But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
 And he's gone to the merry green wood.
 They carry'd these foresters to fair Nottingham,
 As many there does know,
 They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
 And they burry'd them all on a row.

Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield;
 Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will Scarlet,
 and Little John, a long Summer's Day,
 To an excellent Northern Tune.



IN Wakefield their lives a jolly Pindar
 In Wakefield all on the green,

In Wakefield all on the green,
 There is neither knight nor 'squire, said the Pindar,
 Nor baron so bold,
 Nor baron so bold,
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
 All this he heard, three witty young men,
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
 With that they 'spy'd the jolly Pindar,
 As he sat under a thorn.
 Now turn again, now turn again, said the Pindar,
 For a wrong way you have gone;
 For you have forsaken the king's highway,
 And made a path over the corn.
 O that was a great shame, said jolly Robin;
 We being three, and thou art but one;
 The Pindar leap'd back then thirty good foot,
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.
 He lean'd his back fast unto a thorn,
 And his foot against a stone:
 And there he fought a long summer's day,
 And a summer's day so long,
 'Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
 Were broken fast in their hands.
 Hold thy hands, hold thy hands, said bold Robin Hood,
 And my merry men every one;
 For this is one of the best Pindars,
 That ever lived under the sun.
 And wilt thou now forsake thy Pindar's craft,
 And live in the green wood with me?
 At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
 When every man gathers his fee.
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand;
 And plod to the green wood with thee.
 Hast either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
 For my merry men and me?
 I have both bread and beef, said the Pindar,
 And good ale of the best:
 And that's good meat enough, said Robin Hood,
 For such unbidden guests.
 Wilt thou forsake thy Pindar's craft,
 And go to the green wood with me?
 Thou shalt have livery twice a year,
 The one green and the other brown;

If Michaelmas were once come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.

ROBIN HOOD and the BISHOP;
Shewing how ROBIN went to an old Woman's House,
and changed cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop;
and robb'd him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.
Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME Gentlemen all, and listen a while,
With a hey down, down and a down,
And a story to you I'll unfold!
I'll tell you how Robin Hood serv'd the Bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold,
As it fell out on a sun-shiny day,
Phœbus was in her prime.
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.
And as he walked the forest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishop,
And all his company.
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the bishop he doth take me,
No mercy he'd shew unto me I know,
Therefore away I'll flee.
Then Robin was stout and turned about,
And a little house there did he spy,
And to an old wife, to spare his life.
He aloud began to cry.
Why who art thou? said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,
 My name is bold Robin Hood,
 And yonder's the Bishop and all his men,
 And if that I taken be,
 Then day and night he'll work his spite,
 And hanged I shall be,
 If thou be Robin Hood said the old Woman,
 As thou dost seem to be,
 I'll for thee provide, thy person to hide,
 From the Bishop and his company.
 O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
 That now comes over the lee,
 An arrow at her I will let fly,
 So like an old witch looks she.
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And shoot not thy arrow so keen;
 I am Robin Hood, thy Master good,
 As quickly shall be seen.
 The Bishop he came to the old woman's house,
 And call'd with furious mood;
 Come let me see, and bring unto me,
 That traitor Robin Hood.
 The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
 Himself on a dapper grey;
 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
 He went laughing all the way,
 But as they were riding the forest along,
 The bishop he chang'd for to see,
 A hundred brave Bowmen stout and bold,
 Stand under the green wood tree.
 O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
 That's ranging within yonder green wood?
 Marry, says the old woman, I think it be,
 A man called Robin Hood.
 Why who art thou, the bishop he said,
 Which I have here with me?
 Why I am a woman thou cuckoldy bishop,
 Lift up my leg and see.
 Then who is me the Bishop he said,
 That ever I saw this day!
 He turn'd him about, but Robin so stout,
 Call'd to him and bid him stay.
 Then Robin Hood took hold of the Bishop's horse,
 And ty'd him fast to a tree,

Then Little John smiled his master upon,
 For joy of his company.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 And spread it upon the ground;
 And out of the Bishop's portmanteau,
 He soon told five hundred pounds,
 Now let him go, said Robin Hood,
 Said Lit le John that may not be,
 For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
 Before that he goes from me.
 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,
 And bound him fast to a tree,
 And made him sing a mass, God wot
 To him and his yeomandree.
 And then they brought him through the wood,
 And sat him on the dapple grey,
 And gave the tail within his hand,
 And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER;
 Shewing how he robbed the Sheriff of Nottingham
 Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME all ye brave gallants and listen a while,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That are in this bower within;
 For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 A song I intend to sing.
 Upon a time it chanc'd so,
 Bold Robin in the forest did spy
 A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
 With his flesh to the market did he,
 Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,

What

What food hast? tell unto me,
 Thy trade unto me tell, and where they dwell,
 For I like well thy company.
 The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
 No matter where I dwell,
 For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
 I am going, my flesh to sell,
 What's the price of thy flesh? says jolly Robin;
 Come tell it soon unto me,
 And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
 For a butcher I fain would be.
 The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,
 I soon will tell unto thee,
 With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
 Four marks thou must give unto me.
 Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
 Four marks it shall be thy fee:
 The money come count, and let me mount,
 For a butcher I fain would be.
 Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,
 His butcher's trade to begin,
 With a good intent, to the Sheriff he went,
 And there he took up his inn.
 When other butchers did open their shops,
 Bold Robin he then begun,
 But how for to sell, he knew not well,
 For a butcher he was but young.
 When other butchers no meat could sell,
 Robin he got both gold and fee;
 For he sold more meat for one penny
 Than others could do for three.
 But when he sold his meat so fast,
 No butcher by him could thrive;
 For he sold more meat for one penny,
 Than others could for five;
 Which made the butchers of Nottingham,
 To study as they stand;
 Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
 That had sold his father's land.
 The butchers stepp'd to jolly Robin,
 Acquainted with him for to be:
 Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
 Come will you dine with me;
 Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,

That a butcher will deny ;
 I will go with you, my brethren true,
 And as fast as I can hie.
 But when to the Sheriff's house he came,
 To dinner they hied apace ;
 And Robin Hood he the man must be,
 Before them all to say grace.
 Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,
 And our meat within this place :
 A cup of sack so good, wil nourish our blood,
 And so I end my grace.
 Come, fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
 Let's be merry while we stay :
 For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,
 I vow I the reckoning will pay.
 Come brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,
 Let's drink and never give o'er ;
 For the shot I will pay, e'er I go away,
 If it cost me five pounds or more.
 This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
 Says the Sheriff, he's some prodigal,
 That some land has sold for silver and gold,
 And now he doth mean to spend all.
 Hast thou any horned beast, the Sheriff then said
 Good fellow to sell unto me ;
 Yes, that I have, good master Sheriff,
 I have hundreds two or three,
 And an hundred acres of good free land,
 If you please it for to see.
 And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
 As ever my father made me.
 The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
 And took three hundred pounds in gold,
 And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
 His horned beast to behold.
 Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride,
 To the forest of merry Sherwood ;
 Then the Sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
 From a man they call Robin Hood.
 But when that a little further they came,
 Bold Robin he chanc'd to espy,
 A hundred head of good fat deer,
 Come tripping to the Sheriff full nigh.
 How like you my horned beast, good master Sheriff
 They

They be fat and fair to see,
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
 For I like not thy company.
 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts three,
 Then quick and anon, there came Little John,
 And all his company,
 What is your will, master, then said Little John,
 I pray come tell unto me;
 I have brought thither the Sheriff of Nottingham,
 This day to dine with thee.
 He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
 I hope he will honestly pay,
 I know he has gold, if it were but told,
 Will serve us to drink a whole day.
 Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
 And laid it upon the ground,
 And out of the Sheriff's portmanteau
 He soon told three hundred pounds.
 Then Robin he brought him thro' the wood,
 And set him on his dapple grey,
 O have me commended to your wife at home,
 So Robin went laughing away.

ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.



IN Nottingham there lives a jolly Tanner,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 His name is Arthur a Bland,
 There is never a squire in Nottinghamshire,
 Dare bid bold Arthur gold and
 With a long pike staff upon his shoulder,
 So well he can clear his way,

By two and by three he makes them to flee,
 For he hath no list to stay.
 And as he went out on a summer's morning,
 Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
 To view the red deer that runs here and there,
 There he met with bold Robin Hood;
 As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
 He thought he some sport would make,
 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
 And thus unto him he spake.
 Why who art thou, thou bold fellow,
 That rangeest so boldly here?
 For sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief
 That comes to steal our king's deer.
 For I am a keeper in this forest.
 The king puts me in trust,
 To look to his deer, that ranges here and there,
 Therefore stop thee I must.
 If thou be the keeper of this forest,
 And have such a great command;
 Yet you must have more partakers in store,
 Before that you make me to stand,
 No I have no more partakers in store,
 Nor any do I need,
 But I have a staff of another oak graft,
 I know it will do the deed.
 For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,
 Nor all thy arrows to boot;
 If thou get'st a knock upon thy bare scop,
 Thou can'st as well sh——t as shoot.
 Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 And give better terms unto me;
 Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
 And make thee more mannerly.
 Marry gap, with a wanian, quoth Arthur a Bland,
 Art thou such a godly man?
 I care not a fig for thy looking big,
 Mend yourself where you can.
 Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
 And lay down his bow so long;
 He took up his staff of another oak graft,
 That was both stiff and strong.
 I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine;

For I have a staff of another oak graft,
 Not half a foot longer thine;
 But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
 Before we begin the fray.
 For I will not have mine no longer than thine,
 For that will be counted foul play.
 I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
 My staff is of oak so free;
 Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
 And I hope it will knock down thee.
 Then Robin could no longer forbear,
 But gave him a very good knock,
 But quickly and soon the blood it run down,
 Before it was ten o'clock.
 Then Arthur soon recovered himself,
 And gave him a knock on the crown,
 That from each side of Robin Hood's head,
 The blood ran trickling down.
 Then Robin Hood raved like a wild boar,
 As soon as he saw his own blood;
 Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
 As if he had been cleaving of wood;
 And about, and about, and about they went,
 Like two wild boars in a chace,
 Striving to aim at each other to maim,
 Leg, arm, or any other place.
 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
 Which held for two hours or more;
 That all the woods rang at every bang,
 They play'd their work so fore.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And let our quarrel fall;
 For here we thrash our bones all to mass
 And get no coin at all.
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood
 Hereafter thou shalt be free;
 God ha' mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
 I may thank my good staff and not thee.
 What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
 Good fellow I prithee me shew;
 And also me tell in what place you dwell?
 For both of these fain would I know.
 I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 In Nottingham long have I wrought;

And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
 I'll tan thy hide for nought.
 God ha' mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 Since thou art so kind and, free
 And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
 I'll do as much for thee.
 And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade
 To live in the green wood with me,
 My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
 To give thee both gold and fee.
 If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
 As I think well thou art,
 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur a Bland,
 We two will never part.
 But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
 Of him I fain would hear;
 For we are ally'd by the mother's side,
 And he is my kinsman near.
 Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
 He blew both loud and shrill;
 And quick anon he saw Little John
 Come tripping o'er the hill.
 O what is the matter? then said Little John,
 Master I pray you tell;
 Why you do stand with your staff in your hand,
 I fear all is not well.
 O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
 The Tanner that stands by my side:
 He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,
 For he soundly has tan'd my hide.
 He is to be commended then, said Little John,
 If he such a feat cou'd do;
 If he be so stout, we'll have a bout,
 And he shall tan my hide too.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 For as I do understand,
 He's a yeoman good, of thy own blood,
 For his name is Arthur a Bland:
 Then Little John threw his staff away,
 As far as he could fling,
 And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland
 And about his neck did cling:
 With loving respect, there was no neglect,
 They were neither nice nor coy;

Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 And both did weep for joy.
 Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
 And danc'd about the oak tree;
 For three merry men, and three merry men,
 And three merry men we be.
 And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 We three will be as one;
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,
 O Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

ROBIN HOOD and the JOLLY TINKER;
 Tune of, In Summer Time.



IN Summer time, when leaves grow green,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And birds sing on ev'ry tree,
 Hey down, a down, a down,
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As fast as he could dree,
 Hey down, a down, a down,
 And as he came to Nottingham,
 A Tinker he did meet,
 And seeing him a lusty blade,
 He kindly did him greet.
 Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,
 I pray thee now me tell?
 Sad news I hear there is abroad,
 I fear all is not well,
 What is that news, the Tinker said,
 Tell me without delay:
 I am a Tinker by trad
 And live at Banbury.
 As for the news, quoth jolly Robin,

It is but as I hear,
 Two Tinkers they were set in the stocks,
 For drinking of ale and beer.
 If that be all, the Tinker said,
 As I may say to you,
 Your news is not worth a fart,
 Since that they a'l be true.
 For drinking of good ale and beer,
 You will not lose your part.
 No, by faith, quoth Robin Hood,
 I love it with all my heart.
 What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me what thou dost hear;
 Being thou go'st from town to town,
 Some news thou need'st not fear.
 All the news I have, the Tinker said,
 I hear it is for good,
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Which they call Robin Hood;
 I have a warrant from the king,
 To take him where I can.
 If you can tell me where he is,
 I will make you a man.
 The king would give an hundred pounds,
 That he could but him see;
 And if we can but now him get,
 It will serve thee and me.
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
 I will see if it be right;
 And I will do the best I can,
 For to take him this night.
 That I will not, the Tinker said,
 None with it will I trust;
 And where he is if you'll not tell,
 Take him by force I must.
 But Robin Hood perceiving well,
 How then the game would go,
 If you will go to Nottingham,
 We shall find him I know.
 A crab-tree staff the Tinker had,
 Which was both good and strong;
 Robin he had a good strong blade.
 So they went both along;
 And when they came to Nottingham,

And when they came to Nottingham,
 There they took up their inn;
 And they call'd for ale and wine,
 To drink it was no sin.
 But ale and wine they drank so fast,
 That the Tinker he forgot
 What thing he was about to do,
 It fell so to his lot,
 That while the tinker fell asleep,
 Robin made haste away,
 And left the Tinker in the lurch,
 For the whole shot to pay;
 But when the Tinker did awake,
 And saw that he was gone,
 He called out then for his host,
 And thus he made his moan:
 I had a warrant from the king,
 Which might have done me good;
 That is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Some call him Robin Hood.
 But now the warrant and money's gone,
 Nothing I have to pay;
 And he that promis'd to be my friend,
 Is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the host,
 They call him Robin Hood:
 And when that he first met with you,
 He meant you little good.
 Had I but known it had been he,
 When that I had him here,
 The one of us should have try'd our might,
 Which should have paid fulldear.
 In the mean time I will away,
 No longer here I'll abide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 Whatever me betide,
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 What here I have to pay.
 Ten shillings just, then said the host,
 I'll pay you without delay,
 Or else take care my working bag,
 And my good hammer too,
 And if I light but on the knave,
 I will then soon pay you.

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 Nothing I have to pay;
 And he that promis'd to be my friend,
 Is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the host,
 They call him Robin Hood:
 And when that he first met with you,
 He meant you little good.
 Had I but known it had been he,
 When that I had him here,
 The one of us should have try'd our might,
 Which should have paid full dear.
 In the mean time I will away,
 No longer here I'll abide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 Whatever me betide,
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 What here I have to pay.
 Ten shillings just, then said the host,
 I'll pay you without delay,
 Or else take care my working bag,
 And my good hammer too,
 And if I light but on the knave,
 I will then soon pay you.

The only way, then, said the host,
 And not to stand in fear,
 Is to seek him amongst the parks,
 Killing of the king's deer.
 The Tinker he then went with speed,
 And made then no delay,
 Till he had found brave bold Robin Hood,
 That they might have a fray.
 At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
 Hunting then of the deer:
 What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
 That doth come to me so near?
 No knave, no knave, the Tinker said,
 And that you soon shall know,
 Which of us have done any wrong,
 My crab-tree staff shall shew.
 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
 Made then of trusty steel;
 But the Tinker he laid on so fast,
 That he made Robin reel.
 Then Robin's anger did arise,
 He fought right manfully,
 Until he had made the Tinker
 Then almost fit to fly,
 With that they laid about again,
 And ply'd their weapons fast:
 The Tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
 That he made him yield at last.
 A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd.
 If thou wilt grant it me;
 Before I do it, the Tinker said,
 I'll hang thee on this tree,
 But the Tinker looking him about,
 Robin's horn did blow;
 Then came unto him Little John,
 And Will Scarlet also,
 What is the matter, quoth Little John;
 You sit in the highway side;
 Here is a Tinker that stands by,
 That has well paid my hide.
 That Tinker then, said Little John,
 Fain that blade would I see,
 And I would try what I can do,
 If he'll do as much for me,

But Robin then he wish'd them both,
 They would the quarrel cease,
 That henceforth we may be as one,
 And ever live in peace.
 And for the jovial Tinker's part,
 An hundred pounds I give
 A year, for to maintain him on,
 As long as he do live;
 In manhood he's a metal man,
 And a metal man by trade:
 I never thought that any man
 Could have made me so afraid.
 And if he will be one of us,
 We will take all one fare,
 And whatsoever we do get,
 He shall have his full share,
 So the Tinker he was content
 With them to go along,
 And with them a part to take,
 And so I end my song.

ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN - A-DALE;

Or, the Manner of ROBIN HOOD's rescuing a young Lady
 from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be mar-
 ried and restoring her to Allen-a-Dale, her former Lover.

Tune of, Robin Hood in the Green Wood.



COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
 All you that love mirth for to hear,
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
 That lived in Nottinghamshire,
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.
 As Robin Hood in the forest stood,

All under the green wood tree,
 There was he aware of a brave young man,
 As fine, as fine might be.
 The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
 In scarlet fine and gay:
 And he did frisk it over the plain,
 And chanted a roundelay,
 As Robin Hood next morning stood,
 Amongst the green leaves so gay,
 There did he 'spy the same young man,
 Come drooping along the way.
 The scarlet he wore the day before,
 It was clean cast away;
 And at every step he fetch'd a sigh,
 Alack and a well-a day!
 Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 And Midge the miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 When as he see them come.
 Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
 What is your will with me?
 You must come before our master strait,
 Under yon green wood tree,
 And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin asked him courteously,
 O hast thou any money to spare,
 For my merry men and me?
 I have no money the young man said,
 But five shillings and a ring.
 And that I have kept these seven long years,
 To have it at my wedding;
 Yesterday I should have marry'd a maid,
 But she from me was ta'en,
 And chosen to be an old Knight's delight,
 Whereby my poor heart is slain.
 What is thy name then said Robin Hood,
 Come tell me without any fail,
 By my faith of my body, then said the young man,
 My name is Allen-a Dale.
 What will thou give, said Robin Hood,
 In ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true love again,
 And deliver her up to thee?
 I have no money, then, quoth the young man,

No

No ready gold or fee,
 But I will swear upon a book,
 Thy true servant to be.
 How many miles is it to thy true love,
 Come tell me without any guile;
 By my faith of my body, then said the young man,
 It is but five little miles.
 Then Robin he hasted over the plain.
 He did neither stint nor lin,
 Until he came unto the church
 Where Allen should keep his wedding.
 What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,
 I prithee now tell unto me?
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
 And the best in the north country.
 O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then said,
 That music well pleaseth me?
 You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
 Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.
 With that came in a wealthy Knight,
 Who was both brave and old;
 And after him a finikin lass,
 Did shine like the glittering gold.
 This is not a fit match, quoth Robin Hood,
 That you do seem to make here,
 For since we are come unto the church?
 The bride shall chuse her own dear.
 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blasts two or three:
 Then four and twenty good bowmen bold,
 Came leaping over the lee.
 And when they came unto the church yard,
 Marching all on a row,
 The first man was Allen a Dale,
 To give bold Robin his bow,
 This is thy true love, Robin he said,
 Young Allen, as I hear say;
 And you shall be married at the same time,
 Before we depart away.
 That shall not be, the Bishop he said,
 For thy word shall not stand;
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
 As the law is of our land.
 Robin Hood pull'd of the Bishop's coat,

And put it upon Little John;
 By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,
 This cloth doth make thee a man.
 When Little John went to the choir,
 The people began for to laugh;
 He asked them seven times in the church,
 Least three times should not be enough.
 Who gives this maid, said Little John,
 Quoth Robin Hood, that doth I,
 And he that doth take her from Allen-a Dale,
 Full dearly shall her buy.
 And thus having ended this merry wedding,
 The bride she look'd like a queen;
 And so they return'd to the merry green wood,
 Among the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD;

Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a Combat.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



ALL Gentlemen, and yecmen good,
 Down, a down, a down,
 I wish you to draw near,
 For a story of bold Robin Hood,
 Unto you I will declare.
 Down, a down, a down.
 As Robin Hood walked the forest along
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There he was aware of a jolly shepherd
 That on the ground did lie,
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
 And now come let me see,
 What's in thy bag and bottle I say,

Come tell it unto me.
 What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
 Tell me as thou dost stand?
 What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag;
 Let me see thy command.
 My sword that hangeth by my side,
 Is my command I know;
 Come let me taste of thy bottle,
 Or it may breed thee woe.
 The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
 Of my bottle thou shalt see,
 Until thy valour here be try'd,
 Whether thou'll fight or flee.
 What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,
 Come tell it unto me;
 Here's twenty pounds in good red and gold,
 Win it and take it thee,
 The shepherd stood all in a maze,
 And knew not what to say;
 I have no money, thou proud fellow,
 But bag and bottle I will lay.
 I am content, thou Shepherd swain,
 Fling them down on the ground;
 But it will breed thee mickle pain,
 To win my twenty pound.
 Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
 Thou standest too long to prate;
 This hook of mine shall let thee know,
 A coward I hate.
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,
 It was on a summer's day,
 From ten till four in the afternoon,
 The Shepherd held him play.
 Robin's buckler proved his chief defence,
 And saved him many a bang,
 For every blow the Shepherd struck,
 Made Robin's sword cry twang.
 Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave,
 And that bold Robin found,
 Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
 Then he fell to the ground.
 Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
 And thou shalt have fair play.

If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
If that a man thou be,

Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blatts three.

Then said the Shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree:

For if thou blow'st till to-morrow morn,
I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,

Until he 'spy'd Little John,
Come tripping over the plain.

Who is yonder, thou proud fellow
That comes down yonder hill;

Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill,

What is the matter, said Little John,
Master come tell unto me;

My case is bad, said Robin Hood,
For the Shepherd hath conquered me,

I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd turn thou to me;

For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.

With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it shall never be said,

That a Shepherd's hook at thy sturdy look,
Will one jot be dismay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and sore,
Striving for victory,

I will know says John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
With the hook under his chin;

Beshrew thy heart, said Little John
Thou basely doth begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the Shepherd,
Either yield to me the day,

Or I will bang thy back and fides,
Before thou goest thy way.

What dost thou think thou proud fellow,
That thou can'st conquer me?

Nay

Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
 I'll fight before I'll flee.
 Again the Shepherd laid on him,
 As he at first began:
 Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
 I will yield the wager won.
 With all my heart, said Little John,
 To that I will agree;
 For he is the flower of Shepherds swains,
 The like I ne'er did see.
 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 Also of Little John,
 How a Shepherd swain did conquer them,
 The like was never known.

The famous Battle between ROBIN HOOD
 and the Curtal FRYAR, near Fountain Dale.

To a Northern Tune.



IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 And flowers are fresh and gay.
 Robin Hood and his merry men,
 Were all disposed to play.
 Then some would leap and some would run,
 And some would use artillery:
 Which of you can a good bow draw,
 A good archer to be?
 Which of you can kill a buck,
 Or who can kill a doe?
 Or who can kill a hart of Greece,
 Five hundred foot him so.
 Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
 And Midge did kill a doe;

And

And Little John kill'd an hart of Greece,
 Five hundred foot h m fro.
 God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
 That shot such an arrow for me,
 I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
 To find one could match thee.
 That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,
 He laugh'd full heartily;
 There lives a Fryar in Fountain Abbey,
 Well can a strong bow draw,
 He will beat you and your yeomen,
 Set them all on a row.
 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
 It was by Mary free,
 That he would neither eat or drink,
 'Till the Fryar he did see.
 Robin Hood put on his harness good,
 And on his head a cap of steel,
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,
 And they became him well,
 He took his bow into his hand,
 It was of a trusty tree,
 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
 And to Fountain Dale went he,
 And coming to fair Fountain Dale,
 No farther would he ride;
 There was he aware of the curtal Fryar,
 Walking by the water side.
 The Fryar had on a harness good,
 And on his head a cap of steel,
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,
 And they became him well.
 Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,
 And tied him to a thorn,
 Carry me over the water, thou curtal Fryar.
 Or else thy life's forlorn.
 The Fryar took Robin Hood on his back,
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And spoke not good word or bad,
 'Till he came on the other side.
 Lightly slept Robin off the Fryar's back;
 The Fryar said to him again,
 Carry me over the water thou fine fellow,
 Or it shall breed thee pain.

Robin

Robin Hood took the fryar on his back ;
 Deep water he did bestride,
 And spoke not good word or bad,
 'Till he came on the other side.
 Lightly leapt the Fryar off Robin Hood's back,
 Bold Robin said to him again,
 Carry me over the water, thou curtal Fryar,
 Or it shall breed thee pain.
 The Fryar took Robin on his back again,
 And stept up to the knee,
 And till he came to the middle stream,
 Neither good nor bad spoke he:
 And coming to the middle stream,
 And there he threw Robin in,
 And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
 Whether thou wilt sink or swim.
 Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom.
 The Fryar to a willow wand ;
 Bold Robin Hood is gone the shore,
 And took his bow in his hand.
 One of the best arrows under his belt,
 To the Fryar he let fly.
 The curtal Fryar with his steel buckler,
 Did put his arrows by.
 Shoot on, shoot on, thou proud fellow,
 Shoot as thou hast begun,
 If thou shoot here a summer's day,
 Thy mark I will not shun.
 Robin Hood shot so passing well,
 'Till his arrows all were gone ;
 They took their swords and steel bucklers,
 And fought with might and main,
 From ten of the clock that very day,
 'Till four in the afternoon,
 Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
 Of the Fryar to beg a boon,
 A boon, a boon, thou curtal Fryar,
 I beg it on my knee:
 Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
 And to blow blasts three.
 That I will do, said the curtal Fryar,
 Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;
 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
 'Till both thy eyes drop out,

Robin

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blais three,
 Half a hundred yeomen with their bows bent,
 Came ranging over the Lee.
 Whose men are these, said the Fryar,
 That come so hastily.
 These are mine, said Robin Hood,
 Fryar, what's that to thee?
 A boon, a boon, said the curtal Fryar,
 The like I gave to thee,
 Give me leave to set my fist in my mouth,
 And to whete whetes three;
 That I will do, said Robin Hood,
 Or else I be to blame;
 Three whetes in a Fryar's fist,
 Would make me glad and fain.
 The Fryar put his fist to his mouth,
 And wheted him whetes three;
 Half a hundred good bay dogs,
 Came running over the Lee,
 Here is for every man a dog;
 And myself for thee:
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood.
 Fryar, that may not be,
 Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
 The one behind, the other before,
 Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green,
 From off his back they tore.
 And whether his men shot east or west,
 Or they shot north or south,
 The curtal dogs so taught they were,
 They caught the arrows in their mouth;
 Take up thy dogs said Little John,
 Fryar, at my bidding thee;
 Whose man art thou, said the curtal Fryar,
 Comes here to prate to me?
 I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
 Fryar, I will not lye.
 If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
 I'll take them up and thee.
 Little John had a bow in his hand,
 He shot with might and main;
 Soon half a score of the Fryar's dogs
 Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal Fryar,
 Thy master and I will agree,
 And we will have new orders taken,
 With all the haste that may be.
 If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
 And Fountain Abbey free.
 Every Sunday throughout the year,
 A noble shall be thy fee.
 Every Sunday throughout the year,
 Chang'd shall thy garment be,
 And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
 And there remain with me.
 The curtal Fryar had kept Fountain Dale,
 Seven long years and more:
 There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
 Could make him yield before.

ROBIN HOOD newly Revived: Or, his meet-
 ing and fighting with his Cousin SCARLET.

To a New Tune.



COME listen a while, you gentlemen all,
 With a hey down, down, and a down.
 That are this bower within;
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood,
 I purpose now to begin.
 What time of day; quoth Robin Hood,
 Quoth Little John 'tis in the prime;
 Why then we will to the green wood gang,
 For we have no victuals to dine.
 As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
 It was in the midst of the day;
 There he was aware of a dext' young man,
 As ever walk'd on the way.
 His doublet was of silk, he said,

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew out blatts three,
 Half a hundred yeomen with their bows bent,
 Came ranging over the Lee.
 Whose men are these, said the Fryar,
 That come so hastily.
 These are mine, said Robin Hood,
 Fryar, what's that to thee?
 A boon, a boon, said the curtal Fryar,
 The like I gave to thee,
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
 And to whete whetes three;
 That I will do, said Robin Hood,
 Or else I be to blame;
 Three whetes in a Fryar's fist,
 Would make me glad and fain.
 The Fryar put his fist to his mouth,
 And wheted him whetes three;
 Half a hundred good bay dogs,
 Came running over the Lee,
 Here is for every man a dog;
 And myself for thee:
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood.
 Fryar, that may not be.
 Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
 The one behind, the other before,
 Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green,
 From off his back they tore.
 And whether his men shot east or west,
 Or they shot north or south,
 The curtal dogs so taught they were,
 They caught the arrows in their mouth;
 Take up thy dogs said Little John,
 Fryar, at my bidding thee;
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 Quoth Little John 'tis in the prime;
 Why then we will to the green wood gang,
 For we have no victuals to dine.
 As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
 —It was in the midst of the day;
 There he was aware of a dext' young man,
 As ever walk'd on the way.
 His doublet was of silk, he said,

His Rockings like scarlet shone;
 And bravely he walk'd along the way,
 To Robin Hood then unknown.
 A herd of deer was in the bend,
 All feeding before his face;
 Now one of you I'll have to my dinner,
 And that in a little space.
 Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
 But he bent a right good bow,
 And the best of all the herd he slew,
 Full forty yards him fro,
 Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood, then,
 That shot it was in time;
 And if thou wilt accept of the place,
 Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.
 Go play the Chiven, the stranger then said,
 Make haste and quickly go,
 Or with my fist, be sure of this,
 I'll give thee buffets sto.
 Thou had'st best not buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
 For although I am so lorn,
 Yet I have those will take my part,
 If I do blow my horn.
 Thou had'st best not wind thy horn, the stranger said,
 Be'st thou ever so much in haste,
 For I can draw a good broad sword,
 And quickly cut the blast.
 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
 To shoot, and that he would tain;
 The stranger bent a very good bow,
 To shoot at bold Robin again.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
 To shoot it would be in vain;
 For if we shoot the one at the other,
 The one of us must be slain.
 But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,
 And gang under yonder tree,
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,
 One foot I will not flee.
 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a b'ow,
 Most scared him out of his wits:
 Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
 That shall be better quit,
 The stranger then with a good broad sword,
 Set Robin on the crown,

That

That from every hair of bold Robin's head,
 The blood it ran trickling down,
 God a mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
 And for this thou hast done,
 Tell me, good fellow, who thou art
 Tell me, where thou hast won.
 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
 I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
 In Maxfield town I was born and bred,
 My name is young Gamwell.
 For killing of my father's steward,
 Am forc'd to this English wood,
 And forc'd to seek an uncle of mine.
 Some call him Robin Hood,
 But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood then?
 The sooner we shall have done;
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
 I am his own sister's son.
 But laud what kissing and courting was there,
 When these two cousins did meet!
 And they went all that summer's day,
 And Little John did not meet.
 But when they met with Little John,
 He then unto him did say;
 O master pray where have you been,
 You have tarry'd so long away?
 I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,
 Full sore he hath beaten me.
 Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
 And try if he can beat me;
 O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
 Little John it may not be so;
 For he is my own dear sister's son,
 And cousins I have no more.
 But he shall be a yeoman of mine,
 My chief-man next to thee:
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
 And Scarlet he shall be.
 And we'll be three of the bravest Outlaws,
 That live in the North Country.
 If thou wilt hear more of Robin Hood,
 In the second part it will be.
 Then Robin Hood to the north he would go,
 With valour and mickle might,
 His sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,

To fight and recover his right.
 The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
 His servant he said he would be;
 No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
 For thou wilt prove false unto me.
 Thou hast not been true to fire nor cut,
 Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
 As true as your heart I'll never part,
 Good master be not afraid,
 Then Robin Hood turn'd his head to the east,
 Fight on my merry men so stout;
 Our case is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
 And we shall not be beaten out,
 The battle grew hot on every side,
 The Scotchman made great moan,
 Quoth Jockey, gude faith, they fight on each side,
 Would I were with my Joan.
 The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,
 'Tis long e'er the battle ends;
 There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
 For both are supply'd with friends.
 This song it was made in Robin Hood's days;
 Let's pray unto Jove above,
 To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
 And war may give peace unto love.

Renowned ROBIN HOOD;

Or, his famous Archery truly related, in the worthy Ex-
 ploits he performed before Queen Catharine.

To a New Tune.



GOLD ta'en from the King's Harbingers,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As seldom hath been seen,

Down,

Down, a down, a down.
 And carried by bold Robin Hood, down, a down, &c.
 For a present to the queen.
 If that I live one year to an end,
 Thus did queen Catherine say,
 Bold Robin Hood, I'll be your friend,
 And all thy yeomen gay.
 The queen is to her chamber gone,
 As fast as she could wen;
 She calls unto her lovely page,
 His name was Richard Par ington,
 Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
 Come thou hither to me,
 For thou must post to Nottingham,
 As fast as thou canst dree.
 And as thou goest to Nottingham,
 Search every English wood,
 Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 That can tell thee of Robin Hood.
 Sometimes he walk'd, sometimes he ran,
 As fast as he could wen,
 And when he came to Nottingham,
 There he took up his inn.
 He call'd for a bottle of rhenish wine,
 And drank a health to the queen.
 Wishing he might now speedily,
 Find out jolly Robin.
 There sat a yeoman by his side,
 Who said, sweet page, tell me,
 What is thy business and thy cause,
 So far in the north country;
 This is my business and my cause,
 Sir, I tell it you for good.
 To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
 To tell me of Robin Hood.
 I'll get my horse by times in the morn,
 Be it by break of day,
 And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
 And all his yeomen gay.
 When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
 He fell down on his knee;
 Queen Catherine she doth greet you well,
 She greets you well by me.
 She bids you post to fair London court,
 Not fearing any thing;

For there shall be a little sport,
 And she has sent you her ring.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 It was of Lincoln green,
 And sent it by his lovely page,
 For a present unto the queen,
 In summer time when leaves grow green,
 'Twas a seeming fight to see,
 How Robin Hood had dress'd himself,
 And all his yeomanry.
 He cloath'd his men in Lincoln green,
 And himself in scarlet red;
 Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
 Now bold Robin Hood, is rid.
 And when he came to London court,
 He fell down on his knee;
 Thou art welcome Locksly, said the queen,
 And all thy yeomanry.
 Come hither, Tepus, said the king,
 Bow-bearer after me;
 Come measure me out with the line,
 How long our mark must be,
 What is the wager? said the Queen,
 For that I must know here;
 Three hundred tun of rhenish wine,
 Three hundred tun of beer.
 Three hundred of the fattest harts,
 That run on Dallem Lee;
 That's a princely wager, said the queen,
 That I must needs tell thee.
 With that bespoke one Clifton then,
 Full quickly and full soon,
 Measure no mark for us, most sovereign leige,
 We will shoot at sun and moon.
 Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
 Full fifteen score shall stand:
 I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
 I'll cleave the willow wand.
 With that the king's archer led about,
 'Till it was three to one;
 With that the ladies began for to shout,
 Madam your game is gone,
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine cries,
 I crave it on my knee;
 Is there ever a knight in your privy council,

On Queen Catherine's side will be ?
 Come hither to me, sir Robert Lee,
 Thou art a Knight full good;
 For I do know by thy pedigree,
 Thou spring'st from Gower's blood.
 Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
 For a noble priest was he;
 By my silver mitre, said the Bishop then,
 I'll not bet one penny.
 The king has archers of his own,
 Full ready and fell right;
 And these be strangers every one,
 No man knows what they height,
 What wilt thou bet ? said Robin Hood,
 Thou seest our game's the worse;
 By my silver mitre, then, said the bishop,
 All the money within my purse.
 What is in thy purse ? said Robin Hood,
 Now throw it on the ground;
 Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
 It's near an hundred pound.
 Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
 And threw it on the green;
 Will Scadlock then went smiling away,
 I know who this money must win,
 With that the king's archer led about,
 While it was three to three;
 With that the ladies gave a shout,
 Woodcock beware thy knee,
 It is three to three now said the king,
 The next three pays for all:
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
 The king's part shall be but small.
 Then Robin Hood did leap about,
 He shot it under hand;
 And Clifton with a boaring arrow
 He clove the willow wand.
 And little Midge the miller's son,
 He shot not much the worse;
 He shot within a finger of the prick!
 Now, Bishop, beware of thy purse.
 A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
 I crave it on my bare knee,
 That you will angry be with none,
 That is of my party.

They shall have forty days to come,
 And forty days to go,
 And three times forty to sport and play,
 Then welcome friend or foe.
 Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, says the queen,
 And so is Little John,
 And so is Midge the miller's son.
 Thrice welcome every one.
 Is this Robin Hood? the king then said,
 It was told unto me,
 He was slain in the palace gate,
 So far in the north country.
 Is this Robin Hood, quoth the Bishop then,
 As it seems well to be;
 Had I known it had been that bold outlaw,
 I would not have bet one penny.
 He took me late one Sunday night,
 And bound me fast to a tree,
 And made me sing mass God wot,
 To him and yeomanry.
 What, and I did says Robin Hood,
 Of that mass I was full fain;
 For recompence of that he says,
 Here's half thy gold again.
 Now nay, now nay, said Little John,
 Master, that may not be.
 We must give gifts to the king's officers;
 That gold will serve thee and me.

ROBIN HOOD's Chace: or, a merry Progress
 between ROBIN HOOD and King HENRY.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME, you gallants all, to you I call,
 With a Hey down, down, and a down,

That

That are now in this place;
 For a song I will sing of Henry our king,
 How he did Robin Hood chace,
 Queen Catherine she then a match did make,
 As plainly doth appear,
 For three hundred tuns of good red wine,
 And three hundred tuns of beer:
 But she had her archers all to seek,
 With their bows and arrows so good;
 But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
 To send for bold Robin Hood.
 But when Robin Hood he came there,
 Queen Catherine she did say,
 Thou art welcome, Lockfly, unto me,
 And thou on my part must be.
 If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
 And all my yeomen gay,
 For a match of shooting I have made,
 Then hanged will I be,
 But when the game came to be play'd
 Bold Robin won it with grace?
 But after the king was angry with him,
 And vow'd he would him chace.
 What tho' his pardon granted was,
 While he with them did stay;
 But yet the king was vexed at him,
 When he was gone away,
 Soon after the King from court did hie,
 In a furious angry mood,
 And often enquired both far and near,
 After bold Robin Hood.
 But when the king to Nottingham came,
 Bold Robin was in the wood:
 O come said he and let me see,
 Who can find Robin Hood.
 But when bold Robin he did hear,
 The king had him in chace;
 Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
 And go to some other place.
 Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
 And into Yorkshire he did hie,
 And the King did follow with a hoop and a hallo,
 But could not him come nigh.
 Yet jolly Robin he pass'd along,

And

And went strait to Newcastle town,
 And there they stay'd hours two or three.
 And then he to Berwick was gone.
 When the King did see how Robin Hood did flee,
 He was vexed wond'rous sore;
 With a hoop and a hallo, he vowed to follow,
 And take him, or ne'er give o'er.
 Come now let's away, said Little John,
 Let any man follow that dare;
 To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
 And so then to Lancaster.
 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
 And so did good King Henry;
 But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
 For fear of some treachery.
 Says Robin, come let us for London go,
 To see our noble queen's face;
 It may be she wants our company,
 Which makes the King us chase.
 When Robin he came Catherine before,
 He fell upon his knee;
 If it please your grace, I am come to this place,
 To speak with King Henry.
 Queen Catherine, answer'd bold Robin again,
 The King is gone to merry Sherwood,
 And when he went away to me he did say,
 He would go and seek Robin Hood.
 Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
 For to Sherwood I'll hie apace,
 For fain would I see, what he'd have with me,
 If I could but meet with his grace.
 But when King Henry he came home,
 Full weary and vexed in mind;
 And that he did hear, Robin had been there,
 He blamed dame Fortune unkind,
 You're we come home Queen Catherine cry'd,
 Henry my sovereign Leige.
 Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
 Your person hath been to seek.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine cry'd,
 I beg it here of your grace,
 To pardon his life, and seek not strife,
 And so ends Robin Hood's chase.

ROBIN HOOD's GOLDEN PRIZE:

Shewing how he robbed two PRIESTS of 500 Pounds.

Tune of Robin Hood was a tall young Man, &c.



I Have heard talk of Robin Hood, — derry derry down,

And of brave Little John,
Of Fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Locksley, and Maid marrion.

But such a tale as this before,

I think was never known,
For Robin Hood disguis'd himself,
And from the wood is gone.

Like to a Fryar bold Robin Hood,

Was accoutred in his array :

With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,

He passed upon the way,

He had not gone past miles two or three,

But it was his chance to espy,

Two lusty priests clad all in black,

Came riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,

Some pity on me take :

Cross you my hand with a single groat,

For our dear lady's sake.

For I have been wandering all this day,

And nothing could I get :

Not so much as one poor cup of drink,

Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now by our holy dame, the priests reply'd,

We never a penny have,

For we this morning have been robb'd,

And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,

That you both do tell a lye,

And

And now before you do go hence,
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,

Then they rode away again;

But Robin Hood betook to his heels;

And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,

And pull'd them down from their horses,

O spare us, Fryar, the priests cry out,

On us have some remorse.

You said you had no money, quoth Robin Hood,

Wherefore, without delay,

We three will fall down on our knees,

And for money we will pray.

The priests they could not him gainsay,

But down they kneel'd with speed;

Send us, O send us, then quoth they,

Some money to serve our need.

The priests did pray with a mournful chear,

Sometimes their hands did wring,

Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,

Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had pray'd an hour's space,

The priests did still lament:

Then, quoth Robin, now let us see,

What money Heaven hath sent,

We will be sharers all alike,

Of money that we have;

And there is never a one of us,

That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,

But money could find none;

We will search ourselves, said Robin Hood,

Each other one by one.

Then Robin Hood took pains to search them,

And found good store of gold,

Five hundred pieces presently,

Upon the grass he told,

Here's a brave shew, said Robin Hood,

Such store of gold to see,

And you each one shall have a part,

Because you pray'd so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a piece,

And the rest himself did keep:

The priests they durst not speak one word,

But

But fighed wond'rous deep;
 With that the priests rose up from their knees,
 Thinking to have parted so:
 Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one thing more,
 I have to say ere you go.
 You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood,
 Upon this holy grass,
 That you will never tell lies again,
 Which way soever you pass;
 The second oath that you here must make,
 That all the days of your lives,
 You never shall tempt maids unto sin,
 Nor lie with other mens wives.
 The last oath you shall take, is this,
 Be charitable to the poor;
 Say you met with a holy Fryar,
 And I desire no more.
 He set them on their horses again,
 And away then they did ride;
 And he return'd to the merry green wood,
 With great joy mirth and pride.

ROBIN HOOD rescuing WILL. STUTELY from the
 Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and
 were going to hang him.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood stood,
 Derry, derry down.
 Under the green wood tree,
 Tidings there came to him with speed,
 Tidings for certainty,
 Hey down, derry, derry down,
 That Will Stutely surpris'd was,
 And eke in prison lay;

Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
 Did likely him betray,
 Ay, and to-morrow hang'd must be,
 To-morrow, as soon as 'tis day;
 Before they could the victory get,
 Two of them did Stutely slay.
 When Robin Hood did hear this news,
 Lord! it did grieve him sore;
 And to his merry men he did say,
 Who altogether swore,
 That Will Stutely should rescued be,
 And be brought back again,
 Or else should many a gallant wight,
 For his sake there be slain.
 He cloath'd himself in scarlet then,
 His men were all in green,
 A finer shew throughout the world,
 In no place could be seen,
 Good lord; it was a gallant fight,
 To see them all on a row;
 With every man a good broad sword,
 And eke a good yew bow,
 Forth of the green wood ere they gone
 Yea all courageously,
 Resolving to bring Stutely home,
 Or every man to die,
 And when they came the castle near,
 Wherein Will Stutely lay;
 I ho'd it good, said Robin Hood,
 We here in ambush stay.
 And send one forth some news to hear,
 To yonder Palmer fair,
 That stands under the castle wall,
 Some news he may declare.
 With that steps forth a brave young man,
 Who was of courage bold,
 Thus did he speak to the old man,
 I pray thee, Palmer old,
 Tell me, if that you rightly ken,
 When must Will Stutely die;
 Who is one of bold Robin's men,
 And here doth prisoner lie.
 Alas! alas! the Palmer said,
 And for ever woe is me!

Will Stutely hang'd will be this day,

On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble master known,

He would some succour fend;

A few of his bold yeomanry,

Full soon would fetch him hence,

Ay, that is true, the young man said,

Ay, that is true said he;

Or if they were near to this place,

They soon would set him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old man,

Farewell and thanks to thee;

If Stutely hanged be this day,

Revenge'd his death will be.

No sooner was he from the Palmer gone,

But the gates were open'd wide.

And out of the castle Will Stutely came,

Guarded on every side.

When he was forth of the castle come,

And saw no help was nigh;

Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,

Thus he said gallantly.

Now seeing that I needs must die,

Grant me one boon, said he;

For my noble master ne'er had a man,

That yet was hang'd on a tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,

And let me be unbound,

And with thee and thy men I'll fight,

Till I lie dead on the ground.

But this desire he wou'd not grant,

His wishes were in vain;

For the sheriff swore he hang'd should be,

And not by the sword be slain,

Do but unbind my hands, he says,

I will no weapon crave,

And if I hanged be this day,

Damnation let me have.

O no, no, no, the sheriff said,

Thou shalt on the gallows die,

Ay, and so shall thy master too,

If ever in me it lie.

O dastard coward, Stutely cries,

Faint-hearted peasant slave;

If ever my master doth thee meet,
 Thou shalt thy payment have.
 My noble master doth thee scorn,
 And all thy cowardly crew;
 Such filly imps unable are,
 Bold Robin to subdue,
 But when he was to the gallows gone,
 And ready to bid adieu,
 Out of a bush steps Little John,
 And comes Will Stutely to.
 I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
 Of thy dear friends take leave;
 I needs must borrow him for a while,
 How say you, master Sheriff?
 Now, as I live the Sheriff said,
 That varlet well I know;
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,
 Therefore let him not go.
 Then Little John most hastily,
 Away cut Stutely's bands,
 And from one of the Sheriff's men,
 A sword twick'd from his hands.
 Here, Will, take thou this same,
 Thou can'st it better sway;
 And here defend thyself a while
 For aid will come straitway.
 And here they turn'd them back to back,
 In the midst of them that day,
 'Till Robin Hood approached near,
 With many an archer gay,
 With that an arrow from them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood:
 Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff said,
 Make haste, for it is not good.
 The sheriff is gone, his doughty men,
 Thought it no boot to stay,
 But as their master had them taught,
 They run full fast away.
 O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
 Take leave ere you depart;
 You never will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.
 O I'll betide you, said Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone;

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My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 For here our work is done.
 I little thought, Will Stutely said,
 When I came to this place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 Or seen my master's face.
 Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
 And safe brought from his foe;
 O thanks, O thanks, to my master,
 Since here it was not so.
 And once again, my fellows all,
 We shall under the green wood meet,
 Where we will make our bow strings twang,
 Music for us most sweet.

The noble F I S H E R - M A N ; Or,
 R O B I N H O O D ' s Preferment,
 Tune of, in Summer Time.



IN Summer time when leaves grow green,
 When they do grow both green and long,
 Of a bold outlaw call'd Robin Hood,
 It is of him I sing this song.
 When the lily leaf and the cowslip sweet,
 Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
 This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
 And chacing of the king's deer,
 The fishermen brave more money have,
 Than any merchant two or three;
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
 That I a fisherman may be.
 This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
 As they sat under the green wood tree:
 If any of you have gold to spend,

I pray you heartily spend it with me,
 Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
 It seems to be a very fine day:
 He took up his inn at a widow woman's house,
 Hard by the waters grey,
 Who asked him, where wert thou born;
 Or tell me where thou doth fare?
 I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
 This day entrapped all in care.
 What is thy name, thou fine fellow?
 I pray thee, heartily tell to me,
 In my own country where I was born,
 Men call me Simon over the Lee.
 Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
 I wish thou may'st well brook thy name,
 The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
 And rejoiced he had got such a dame.
 Simon wilt thou be my man?
 And good round wages I'll give thee
 I have as good a ship of my own,
 As any that sails upon the sea.
 Anchor and planks thou shalt want none,
 Masts and planks that are for long.
 And if that thou so furnish me,
 Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 More of a day than two or three;
 When others cast in their baited hooks,
 The bare lines into the sea cast he.
 It will be long, said the master then,
 Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea,
 He shall have no share in our fish,
 For in truth he is no part worthy.
 O woe is me, said Simon then,
 'This day that ever I came here!
 I wish I were in Plumbton Park,
 Chacing of the fallow deer;
 For every clown laughs me to scorn,
 And by me set nothing at all;
 If I had them in Plumbton Park,
 I would set as little by them all.
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 More of a day than two or three;
 But Simon espy'd a ship of war,

That

That sailed towards them vigorously.
 O woe is me, said the master then,
 This day that ere I was born;
 For all the fish that we have got,
 Is every bit lost and forlorn!
 For these French robbers on the seas,
 They will not spare of us one man.
 But carry us to the coast of France,
 And lay us in prison strong.
 But Simon said, do not fear them,
 Neither, master, take you care;
 Give me a bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
 For thou art naught but brag and boast;
 If I should cast you overboard,
 There is but a simple lubber lost.
 Simon grew angry at these words,
 And so angry then was he;
 Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
 And in the ship hatch goeth he.
 Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
 That at my mark I may stand fair,
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 He drew his arrow to the head,
 And drew it with might and main,
 And strait in the twinkling of an eye,
 To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.
 The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,
 And under the hatches down below;
 Another Frenchman that him espy'd,
 The dead corps into the sea did throw.
 O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
 And from them all take you no care,
 For give me a bent bow in my hand,
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Then strait they boarded the French ship,
 They laying dead all in their fight;
 They found within the ship of war,
 Twelve thousand pounds in money bright.
 The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
 I'll give to my dame and children small;
 The other half of the ship I'll give

To you that are my fellows all,
 But now bespoke the master then.
 For so Simon it shall not be,
 For you have won it with your own hands,
 And the owner of it you must be.
 It shall be so as I have said,
 And with this gold for the oppressed,
 An habitation will I build,
 Where they shall live with peace and rest.

ROBIN HOOD's Delight; or, a merry COMBAT
 fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will
 Scarlet, against three stout Keepers in Sherwood Fo-
 rest.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



THERE's some will talk of Lords and Knights,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And some of yeomengood;
 But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
 Little John, and Robin Hood.
 They were outlaws, as 'tis well known,
 And men of noble blood,
 And many a time their valour shewn,
 In the forest of merry Sherwood.
 Upon a time it chanced so!
 As Robin would have it be,
 They all three would a walking go,
 Some pastime for to see.
 And as they walked the forest along,
 Upon a midsummer day,
 There was he aware of three foresters,
 Clad all in green array.

With

With brave long falchions by their sides,
 And forest bills in their hands,
 They called aloud to these outlaws,
 Charging them for to stand.
 Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
 That speaks so boldly here?
 We three belong to King Henry,
 Being keepers of his deer.
 The devil you are, said Robin Hood,
 I am sure it is not so;
 We be the keepers of this forest,
 And that you soon shall know.
 Your coats of green lay on the ground,
 And so will we all three,
 Come take your swords and bucklers round,
 And try the victory.
 We be content, the keepers said,
 We be three and no less,
 Then why should we of you be afraid,
 For we never did transgress,
 Why if you be keepers in this forest,
 We be three rangers good,
 And will make you know, before you do go,
 You met with bold Robin Hood.
 We be content, thou bold outlaw,
 Our valour here to try,
 And will make you know, before you do go.
 That we'll fight before we'll fly.
 Come draw your swords, you bold outlaws.
 No longer stand to prate,
 But let us try it out with blows,
 For cowards we do hate.
 Here is one for Will Scarlet,
 Another for Little John,
 And I myself for bold Robin Hood,
 Because he is stout and strong,
 So they fell to it full hard and fast,
 It was on a midsummer day,
 From eight of the clock till two and past,
 They all shew'd gallant play.
 There Robin, Will and Little John,
 They fought most manfully,
 'Till all their wind was spent and gone,
 Then Robin aloud did cry,

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
 I see you be stout men;
 Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
 Then I'll fight with you again.
 That bargain is to make, bold Robin Hood,
 Therefore we it deny.
 Thy blast upon thy bugle horn,
 Cannot make us fight or fly.
 Therefore fall on or else be gone,
 And yield to us the day;
 It never shall be said, that we are afraid,
 Of thee or thy yeomen gay.
 If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
 Let me but know your names,
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood,
 I shall extol your fames.
 And with our names, one of them said,
 What hast thou here to do?
 Except that thou will fight it out,
 Our names thou shalt not know;
 We'll fight no more, says bold Robin Hood,
 You be men of valour stout;
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,
 And there we will fight it out.
 With a butt of sack we'll bang it about,
 To see who wins the day,
 And for the cost make you no doubt,
 I have gold enough to pay.
 And ever hereafter as we live,
 We all will brethren be;
 For I love those men with heart and hand,
 That will fight and never flee.
 So away they went to Nottingham,
 With sack to make amends;
 For three days they the wine did chace,
 And drank themselves good friends.

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD and the BEGGAR;
 Shewing how he and the Beggar fought and changed
 Cloaths, how he went a Begging to Nottingham; and
 how he saved three Brethren from hanging for stealing
 of Deer.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME and listen, you gentlemen all,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That mirth do love for to hear,
 And a story true, I'll tell unto you,
 If that you will but draw near.
 In elder times, when merriments were,
 And archery was holden good,
 There was an outlaw as many do know,
 Which men called Robin Hood,
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin was merry disposed,
 His time for to spend, he did intend,
 Either with friends or foes.
 Then he got upon a gallant steed,
 The which was worth angels ten,
 With a mantle of green most brave to be seen,
 He left all his merry men.
 And riding towards Nottingham,
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly Beggar,
 As e'er he beheld with his eye.
 An old patch'd coat the Beggar had on,
 Which he daily did use to wear;
 And many a bag about him did wag,
 Which made Robin Hood to him repair.
 God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then,

What

What countryman, tell unto me?
 I am Yorkshire Sir, but ere you go far,
 Some charity give unto me;
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
 But am a ranger within the wood;
 I am an outlaw, as many know.
 My name it is Robin Hood.
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny Beggar,
 That a bout with thee I must try?
 Thy coat of grey, lay down I say,
 And my mantle of green I'll lay by.
 Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
 Thy part it will be the worse;
 For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
 And then have at thy purse.
 The Beggar he had a mickle long staff,
 And Robin he had a nut brown sword;
 The Beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
 But gave him ne'er a word.
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
 This sport well please me.
 For every blow that Robin gave,
 The Beggar gave buffers three.
 And fighting there full hard and sore,
 Not far from Nottingham town,
 They never fled till from Robin Hood's head,
 The blood it run trickling down.
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And thou and I will agree:
 If that be true, the Beggar he said,
 Thy mantle come give unto me,
 Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
 Thy bags and coat give me;
 And this mantle of mine, I'll to thee resign,
 My horse and my bravery.
 When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
 He looked round about;
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be,
 A beggar brave and stout.
 For now I have a bag for my bread,
 And another for my corn,
 I have one for salt, and another for malt,
 And one for my little horn.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,

With

With a bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff and coat scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passed he.
As Robin passed the streets along, he heard a pitiful cry.



Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.
Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's house,
Some relief for to seek;
He skipt and he leap'd, and caper'd full high,
As he went along the street.
But when to the sheriff's house he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
What is it thou wou'd'st have?
No meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
Do I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.
That cannot be, thou bold Beggar,
Their fact it is so clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
For stealing our king's deer.
But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
For certain they shall not die.
Then Robin Hood set his hon to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave,
Came kneeling down to his knee.
What is thy will, master? said they,
We are at thy command,
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,
And see you spare no man.
Then they shot east and they shot west,

What countryman, tell unto me?
 I am Yorkshire Sir, but ere you go far,
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'Till a hundred bold archers brave,
Came kneeling down to his knee.
What is thy will, master? said they,
We are at thy command,
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,
And see you spare no man.
Then they shot east and they shot west,

Their arrows were so keen,
 The sheriff he, and his company,
 No longer could be seen.
 Then he stept to these brethren three,
 And away he had them ta'en;
 The sheriff he was cross, and many a man lost,
 That dead lay on the plain.
 And away they went to the merry green wood,
 And sung with a merry glee.
 And Robin Hood took these brethren good,
 To be of his yeomanry.

Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John;
 Or, a Narrative of the Victory obtained against the Prince
 ARRAGON, and the two GIANTS; and how WILL
 SCARLET married the Princess.

Tune of Robin; or, Hey down, &c.



NOW Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John,
 Are walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet,
 With his strong bow had slain.
 Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
 The day it runs full fast,
 For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not broke my fast.
 Then to yonder lodge let's take our way,
 I think it wonderous good,
 There my nephew by bold yeomen,
 Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.
 With that he took the bugle horn,
 Full well he could it blow;
 Trait from the woods came marching down,
 One hundred tall fellows and more.
 Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will Scarlet,
 Lo the enemies are within keen;

With

With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
 Crying, they are my bold yeomen.
 Who when they arriv'd and Robin espy'd,
 Cry'd, master, what is your will?
 We thought you had in danger been,
 Your horn did sound so shrill.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 The danger is past and gone,
 I would have you welcome my nephew,
 That hath paid me two for one.
 In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
 'Till Phœbus sunk into the deep,
 Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
 His guard there for to keep.
 Long had they not walk'd within the green wood,
 But Robin he soon espy'd
 A beautiful damsel alone,
 That on a black palfrey did ride.
 Her riding suit was a sable hue black,
 With cyprus over her face,
 Through which her rose-like cheek did blush,
 All with a comely grace.
 Come, tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
 Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
 From whence thou com'st, and whither thou go'st,
 All in this mournful plight?
 From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
 From London upon the Thames,
 Which circled is, O grief to tell!
 Besieg'd with foreign arms,
 By the proud Prince of Arragon,
 Who swears by his martial hand,
 To have the Princess to his spouse,
 Or else to waste this land.
 Except such champions can be found,
 That dare fight three to three,
 Against the Prince and Giants twain,
 Most horrid for to see.
 Whose grisly looks and eyes like brands,
 Strike terror where they come,
 With serpents hissing on their helms,
 Instead of feather'd plumes.
 The Princess shall be the victor's prize,
 The king hath vow'd and said,

And he that shall the conquest win,
 Shall have her to his bride.
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
 To the east, west, north, or south,
 To try whose fortune is so good,
 To find these champions out.
 But all in vain we have fought about,
 For none so bold there are,
 That dare adventure life and blood,
 To free a lady fair,
 When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me this and no more,
 On Midsummer next, the damsel said,
 Which is June twenty-four.
 With that tears trickled down her cheeks,
 And silent was her tongue;
 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
 And away their palfrey sprung.
 The news struck Robin to the heart,
 He fell down on the grass,
 His actions and his troubled mind,
 Shew'd he perplexed was.
 Where lies your grief? quoth Will Scarlet,
 O, master, tell to me?
 If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
 I'll fetch her back to thee.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 She does not cause my smart;
 But 'tis the poor distress'd, Princess,
 That wounds me to the heart.
 I'll go fight the giants all,
 To set the lady free,
 The D——— take my sou', quoth Little John
 If I part with thy company.
 Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scarlet,
 No, no, that must not be,
 I'll make the third man in the fight,
 So we shall be three to three.
 These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
 Joy shone upon his face,
 Within his arms he hugg'd them both.
 And kindly did embrace;
 Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey.
 With long staves in our hands,
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,

As come from the Holy Lands.
 So may we pass along the highway,
 None will ask us from whence we came,
 But take us pilgrims for to be,
 Or else some holy men.
 Now they are on their journey gone,
 As fast as they may sped;
 Yet for their haite, ere they arriv'd,
 The princess forth was led.
 To be deliver'd to the prince,
 Who in the list did stand.
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive,
 His lady by the hand,
 With that he walk'd about the list,
 With Giants by his side;
 Bring forth, said he, your champions,
 Or bring me forth my bride.
 This is the four and twentieth day,
 The day prefixed upon,
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
 I swear by Alcaron.
 Then cries the king and queen likewise,
 Both weeping as they spake,
 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
 Whom we are forc'd to forsake.
 With that stepp'd out bold Robin Hood,
 Saying, my liege, it must not be so,
 Such a beauty as the fair princess,
 Is not for a tyrant's mow.
 The Prince he then began to storm,
 Cries, fool, fanatick baboon!
 How dare you stop my valour's prize?
 I'll kill thee with a frown.
 Thou tyrant Turk, thou Infidel,
 Thus Robin began to reply;
 Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,
 And thus I thee defy,
 And for those two Goliaths there,
 That stand on either side,
 Here are two little Davids by,
 That soon can tame their pride.
 Then the king did for armour send,
 For lances swords, and shields;
 And thus all three in armour bright,

Came marching into the field.
 The trumpets began to sound a charge.
 Each singled out his man;
 Their arm in pieces soon were hew'd,
 Blood sprung from every vein.
 The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
 He struck with might and main,
 Which made him reel about the field,
 As tho' he had been slain.
 God a mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
 The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
 This stroke shall shew a full divorce,
 Betwixt thee and thy bride.
 So from his shoulders he cut his head,
 Which on the ground did fall.
 And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
 To be so dealt withal,
 The giants then began to rage,
 To see their prince lie dead;
 Thou wilt be the next, said Little John,
 Unless thou guard thy head.
 With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
 It was both keen and sharp,
 He clave the giant to the belt,
 And cut in twain his heart.
 Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,
 The giant he brought to his knee;
 Quoth Will, the devil can't break his fast,
 Unless he have you all three.
 So with his falchion he run him through,
 A deep and gashly wound;
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
 And then fell to the ground.
 Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
 The skies they did resound,
 Which brought the princess to herself,
 Who had fallen into a swoon.
 The king and queen, and princess fair,
 Came walking to the place,
 And gave the champions many thanks,
 And did them further grace.
 Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
 That thus disguised came,
 Whose valour speaks that noble blood

Doth run through every vein.
 A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
 On my knees I beg and crave ;
 By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.
 Then pardon, I beg for my merry men,
 Which are within the green wood,
 For Little John, and Will Scarlet
 And for me bold Robin Hood.
 Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king,
 For thy valour thou hast shewn,
 Your pardon I do freely grant;
 And welcome every one,
 The Princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
 She cannot have you all three ;
 She shall chuse quoth Robin ; saith Little John,
 Then little share falls to me.
 Then did the Princess view all three,
 With a comely lovely grace,
 And took Will Scarlet by the hand,
 Saying, here I make my choice.
 With that a noble lord stepp'd forth,
 Of Maxfield Earl was he,
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,
 Then wept most bitterly.
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
 But he is gone, or rather dead,
 His name was young Gamwell,
 Then did Will Scarlet fall on his knees,
 Saying, father, father, here,
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
 You said you lov'd so dear ;
 But lord what embracing and kissing was there,
 When all their friends were met ;
 They're gone to the wedding and so to bedding,
 And so I bid you good night.

LITTLE

LITTLE JOHN and the four BEGGARS.

Shewing how he went a begging, and fought with four
Beggars, and what a Prize he got from them.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



ALL you that delight to spend your time,
With a hey down, &c.

A merry song for to sing,

Unto me draw near and you shall hear,

How Little John went a begging ;

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,

And all his yeomanry,

Says Robin some of you a begging must go,

And Little John, it must be thee.

Says John if I must a begging go,

I will have a Palmer's weed,

With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts,

The better then shall I speed.

Come, now give me a bag for my bread,

And another for my cheese.

And one for a penny, if I get any,

That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a begging gone,

Seeking for some relief.

But of all the beggars he met on his way,

Little John he was the chief ;

But as he was walking himself alone,

Four beggars he chanc'd to espy,

Some deaf, some blind, some came behind,

Says John here is a brave company.

Good morrow, said John, my brethren dear,

Good fortune I had you to see ;

Which way do you go? pray let me know,

For I want some company.

© what

What is here to do, said Little John,
 Why ring all these bells, said he,
 What dog is hanging, let's be ganging,
 That we the truth may see.
 Here is no dog, one of them said,
 Good fellow I tell unto thee:
 But here is one dead, we shall have cheese and bread,
 And it may be one single penny.
 We have brethren in London, another said,
 So we have at Coventry,
 In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
 But ne'er a crooked carl like thee,
 Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carl,
 And take that knock on the crown:
 Nay, says Little John, I'll not be gone,
 For about I will have of you round.
 Now have at you all, said Little John,
 If you be so full of your blows,
 Fight on all four, and ne'er give o'er,
 Whether you be friends or foes.
 John nipped the dumb, and made him to roar,
 And the blind that could not see:
 And he that a cripple had been seven years,
 He made run faster than he.
 And flinging them all against the wall,
 With many a sturdy bang,
 It made John to sing, to hear the gold ring,
 And against the walls cry twang.
 Then he got out of the beggar's cloak,
 Three hundred pounds in gold:
 Good fortune had I, said Little John,
 Such a good fight to behold:
 There found he in the beggar's bag,
 But three hundred and three;
 If I drink water while this doth last,
 Then an ill death may I die,
 And my begging trade I will give o'er
 My fortune hath been so good;
 Therefore I will not stay, but I'll away,
 To the forest of merry Sherwood.
 And when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
 He quickly there did see.
 Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
 And all his company.

What news? what news? said Robin-Hood,
 Come Little John, tell unto me,
 How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade,
 For that I fain would see:
 No news but good, said Little John,
 With begging full well have I sped;
 Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
 In silver and gold so red,
 Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
 And danced about the oak tree.
 If we drink water while this doth last,
 Then an ill death may we die.
 So to conclude my merry new song,
 All you that delight to sing,
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
 And how Little John went a begging.

ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER;

Or, True Friendship after a fierce Fight.

To the Tune of, Arthur a Bland.



WHEN Phœbus had melted the sickles of ice,
 With hey down, &c.
 And likewise the mountains of snow,
 Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
 Some frolick abroad with his bow.
 He left all his merry-men waiting behind,
 Whilst through the green valleys he pass'd,
 There did he behold a forester bold,
 Who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast?
 I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,
 For me and my merry men all;
 Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
 Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd

You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
 For these are his majesty's deer;
 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
 For I am head forester here.
 These thirteen long summers, said Robin I'm sure,
 My arrows I here have let fly,
 Where freely I range, methinks it is strange,
 You should have more power than I.
 This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
 And so are the nimble deer too;
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
 I'll not be affronted by you.
 The forester he had a long quarter staff,
 Likewise a broad sword by his side;
 Without more ado, he presently drew,
 Declaring the truth shall be try'd.
 Bold Robin Hood had sword of the best,
 Thus e e he would take any wrong,
 His courage was flush, he'd venture a bush,
 And thus they went to it ding dong.
 The very first blow that the forester gave,
 He made his broad weapon cry twang;
 'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
 O that was a damnable bang!
 But, Robin he soon did recover himself,
 And bravely fell to it again;
 The very next stroke their weapons they broke
 Yet never a man there was slain.
 At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
 Because they would have t'other bout;
 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
 Unwilling he was to give out.
 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
 The other return'd them as fast,
 At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
 Three hours the combat did last,
 At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
 And cudgell'd bold Robin so fore,
 That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
 He said let us freely give o'er,
 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
 I never knew any so good;
 Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
 And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring a token of love,
 For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
 That man that can fight, in him I delight,
 And love him with all my whole heart,
 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
 A blast he merrily blows;
 His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
 A hundred with trusty long bows.
 Now Little John came at the head of them all,
 Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green,
 And likewise the rest were gloriously drest!
 A delicate sight to be seen!
 Lo! these are my yeomen, said Robin Hood,
 Thou shalt be one of the train;
 A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
 I give them who I entertain.
 The forester willingly entered the list,
 They were such a beautiful sight;
 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
 And made a rich supper that night.
 What singing and dancing was in the green wood,
 For joy of another new mate,
 With mirth and delights they spent all the night,
 And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
 The forester ne'er was so merry before,
 As then he was with these brave souls,
 Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
 For to take off their cherishing bowls.
 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
 Broad arrows and a curious long bow;
 This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
 He marched them all on a row,
 Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to your trust,
 And then we may range the woods wide;
 They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
 They'd conquer or die by his side.

ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.

Being an Account of their first Meeting their fierce Encounter and Conquest. To which is added their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be call'd Little John.



WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
 With a Hey down, down, and a down,
 He happen'd to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.
 Tho' he was call'd Little his limbs they were large,
 And his stature was seven feet high;
 Wherever he came they quak'd at his name,
 For soon he would make them to fly.
 How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
 If you will but listen a while,
 For this very jest among all the rest,
 I think I may cause you to smile.
 For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
 Pray tarry you here in this grove,
 And see that you all observe well my call,
 While through the forest I rove,
 We have had no sport these fourteen-long days,
 Therefore now abroad will I go;
 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
 My horn I will presently blow.
 Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
 And bid them at present good by:
 Then as near a brook his journey he took,
 A stranger he chanc'd to espy.
 They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
 And neither of them would give way;
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
 I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
 A broad arrow with a goose wing,
 The stranger reply'd, I'll lick thy hide,
 If you offer to touch one string.
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou do'st prate like an ass,
 For were I but to bend my bow,
 I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
 Before thou could'st strike me one blow,
 Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd,
 Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
 To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
 Have nought but a staff in my hand.
 The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
 Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by:
 And now for thy sake, a staff will I take,
 The truth of thy manhood to try.
 Then Robin Hood stept to the thicket of trees,
 And chose him a staff of ground oak;
 Now this being done, away he did run
 To the stranger, and merrily spoke.
 Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
 Now here on this bridge we will play.
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win
 The battle, and so we'll away,
 With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
 I scorn in the least to give out;
 This said, they fell to't, without more dispute,
 And their staffs they did flourish about.
 At first Robin gave the stranger a bang,
 So hard that he made his bones ring,
 The stranger he said this must be repaid,
 I'll give you as good as you bring.
 So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
 To die in your debt friend, I scorn,
 Then to it both goes, and follow their blows,
 As if they'd been threshing of corn.
 The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
 Which caus'd the blood to appear,
 Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
 And follow'd his blows most severe.
 So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,
 With a passionate fure and ire:
 At every stroke he made him to smoke,
 As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the stranger he grew,
 And gave him a damnable look,
 And with it a blow, which laid him full low,
 And tumbled him into the brook.
 I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now,
 The stranger in laughter he cry'd:
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith in the flood,
 And floating along with the tide,
 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
 With thee I'll no longer contend:
 For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
 Our battle shall be at an end.
 Then unto the brink he did presently wade,
 And pull'd himself out by a thorn.
 Which done, at the last, he blew out a loud blast,
 Straitway on his fine bugle horn;
 The echo of which thro' the valleys did ring,
 At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
 All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,
 So up to their master they steer'd,
 O what is the matter, quoth Will Stutely,
 Good master, you are wet to the skin?
 No matter, quoth he, the lad that you see,
 In fighting hath tumbled me in.
 He shall not go scot free, the other reply'd,
 So strait they were seizing him there,
 To duck him likewise, but Robin Hood cries,
 He is a stout fellow, forbear,
 There's none shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,
 These bowmen upon me do wait;
 There's three score and nine, if thou wilt be mine,
 Thou shalt have my livery frain.
 And other accoutrements fit also,
 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
 To shoot at the fat fallow deer,
 O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
 I'll serve you with all my whole heart,
 My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
 Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.
 His name shall be alter'd, quoth Will Stutely,
 And I will his godfather be;
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
 For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd in a brace of fat does,
 With humming strong liquor likewise;
 They lov'd what was good, so in the green wood,
 This sweet pretty babe they baptised,
 He was, I must tell you but seven feet high,
 And may be an ell in the waist,
 He was a sweet lad, much feasting they had,
 Bold Robin the christening grac'd.
 With all his bowmen, who stood in a ring,
 And were of the Nottingham breed;
 Brave Stutely came then with seven yeomen,
 And did in this manner proceed,
 This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
 Which name shall be changed anon;
 The words we'll transpose, and wherever he goes,
 His name shall be called Little John.
 They all with a shout made the element ring,
 So soon as the office was o'er,
 To feasting they went with true merriment,
 And tippled strong liquor gillore,
 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
 And cloath'd him from top to toe,
 In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
 And gave him a curious long bow,
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
 And range in the green wood with us,
 Where we will not want gold nor silver behold,
 While Bishops have aught in their purse,
 We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
 Without e'er a foot of free land;
 We feast on good cheer, wine, ale, and beer,
 And every thing at our command.
 Then music and dancing did finish the day,
 At length when the sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
 And under their caves they did go.
 And so ever after, as long as they liv'd,
 Although he was proper and tall,
 Yet nevertheless the truth to express.
 Still Little John they did him call,

The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood
and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.



SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of Barons bold,
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the Bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold,
As it befell in merry Barnsdale,
And under the green wood tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.
Come kill me a ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer.
The Bishop of Hereford's to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.
We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
And dress it by the highway side,
And we will watch the Bishop narrowly.
Lest some otherway he should ride.
Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also,
And when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.
O what is the matter, then said the Bishop,
Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few.
We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to eat of the king's fat deer.
You are brave fellows, said the Bishop,
And the king of your doings shall know,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
 O pardon, I thee pray ;
 For it becomes not your lordship's coat,
 To take so many lives away.
 No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
 No pardon I thee owe ;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For before the king you shall go.
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,
 And his foot against a thorn,
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
 He pull'd out a bugle horn.
 He put the little end to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 'Till three score and ten of bold Robin's men,
 Came running all on a row,
 All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
 'Twas a comely sight to see ;
 What is the matter, master, said Little John,
 That you blow so hastily ?
 O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
 And no pardon we shall have,
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
 And throw him into his grave.
 O pardon, O pardon, said the Bishop,
 O pardon, I thee pray ;
 For if I had known it had been you,
 I'd have gone some other way.
 No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
 No pardon I thee owe ;
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
 Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
 And led him to merry Barnsdale,
 And made him to stay, and sup with him that night,
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
 Call in the reckoning, said the Bishop,
 For methinks it grows wond'rous high ;
 Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
 And I'll tell you by and by.
 Then Little John took the Bishop's cloak,
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmanteau,
 He told three hundred pound ;

Here's

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
 And a comely fight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the Bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And he caused the music to play;
 He made the Bishop to dance in his boots,
 And glad he could get so away.

ROBIN HOOD rescuing the three 'SQUIRES from
 Nottingham Gallows.



BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,
 The forest all round ranged he;
 O there did he meet a gay lady,
 She came weeping along the highway.
 Why weep you, why weep you, bold Robin said,
 What weep you for gold or fee,
 Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
 That is taken from your body?
 I weep not for gold, the lady reply'd,
 Neither do I weep for fee,
 Neither do I weep for my maidenhead,
 That is taken from my body.
 What weep you for then, said jolly Robin,
 I prithee come tell unto me?
 Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
 For they are all condemn'd to die.
 What church have they robbed, said jolly Robin,
 Or parish priest have they slain;
 What maids have they forc'd against their will,
 Or with other men's wives have lain?
 No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
 Nor parish priest have they slain;

No

No maids have they forc'd against their will,
 Nor with other men's wives have lain.
 What have they done then, said jolly Robin,
 Come tell me most speedily?
 Oh! 'tis for killing the king's fallow deer,
 And they are all condemned to die.
 Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
 Get you home most speedily,
 And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
 For the sake of the 'squires all three.
 Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
 For Nottingham town goes he,
 O there did he meet with a poor beggar man,
 He come creeping along the highway,
 What news, what news, thou old beggar man,
 What news come tell unto me?
 O there's weeping wailing in Nottingham,
 For the death of the 'squires all three,
 This beggar man had a coat on his back,
 'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
 Bold Robin Hood thought: 'twas no disgrace,
 To be in a beggar man's stead.
 Come pull off thy coat, thou old beggar man,
 And thou shalt put on mine,
 And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
 Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine.
 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,
 To Nottingham town came he.
 O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
 And likewise the 'squires all three.
 One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
 One boon I beg on my knee,
 That is for the deaths of these three 'squires,
 Their hangman I may be,
 Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
 Soon granted unto thee;
 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
 Aye, and all their white money.
 O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
 Nor none of their white money.
 But I'll have three blasts on my bugle horn,
 That their souls to heaven may flee.
 Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
 Where he blew loud and shrill,

'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
 Came marching down the green hill.
 Whose men are these, says master sheriff,
 Whose men are they tell unto me?
 O they are mine, and none of thine,
 And are come for the 'squires all three.
 O take them, O take them, says great master sheriff,
 O take them along with thee,
 For there's never a man in all Nottinghamshire,
 Can do the like of thee.

The KING's Disguise and Friendship with
 ROBIN HOOD.

To a Northern Tune.



KING Richard hearing of the pranks
 Of Robin Hood and his men,
 He much admir'd and more desir'd
 To see both him and them.
 Then with a dozen of his lords.
 To Nottingham he rode,
 When he came there, he made good cheer,
 And took up his abode.
 He having stayed there some time,
 But had no hopes to speed,
 He and his lords with one accord,
 All put on monks weeds.
 From Fountain Abbey they did ride,
 Down unto Barnsdale;
 Wher Robin Hood prepared stood,
 All company to assail.
 The King was higher than the rest,
 And Robin thought he had
 An Abbot been, whom he had seen,

To

To rob him he was glad.
 He took the King's horse by the head,
 Abbot, says he; abide,
 I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
 That live in pomp and pride.
 But we are messengers from the King,
 The King himself did say:
 Near to this place his royal grace,
 To speak with thee does stay.
 God save the King, said Robin Hood,
 And all that wish him well;
 He that does his sovereignty deny,
 I wish he was in hell.
 Thyself thou curses, said the king,
 For thou a traitor art;
 Nay, but that you are his messenger,
 I swear you lie in heart.
 For I never yet hurt any man,
 That honest is and true;
 But those that give their minds to live
 Upon other men's due.
 I never hurt the husbandman,
 That use to till the ground,
 Nor spill their blood that range the wood,
 To follow hawk or hound.
 My chiefest spite to clergy is,
 Who in these days bear a great sway;
 With fryars and monks, and their fine sprunks,
 I make my chiefest prey.
 But I am very glad, said Robin Hood,
 That I have met you here;
 Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
 Taste of our green wood cheer.
 The king he then did marvel much,
 And so did all his men:
 They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
 Robin would provide for them.
 Robin took the King's horse by the head,
 And led him to the tent;
 Thou would'st not be so us'd, quoth he,
 But that my King thee sent.
 Nay more than that, said Robin Hood,
 For good King Richard's sake,
 If you had as much gold as ever I told,

I would

I would not one penny take.
 Then Robin fet his horn to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
 Came marching all on a row.
 And when they came bold Robin before,
 Each man did bend his knee;
 O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
 And a seemly sight to see.
 Within himself the King did say,
 These men of Robin Hood's,
 More humble be than mine to me,
 So the court may learn of the woods.
 So then they all to dinner went,
 Upon a carpet green;
 Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
 Most curious to be seen,
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,
 With fish out of the river;
 King Richard swore, oh sea or shore,
 He never was feasted better.
 Then Robin takes a can of ale,
 Come let us now begin;
 Come every man shall have his can.
 Here's a health unto the king.
 The King himself drank to the king,
 So round about it went;
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
 To pledge that health were spent.
 And after that a bowl of wine,
 In his hand took Robin Hood.
 Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
 While I live in the green wood.
 Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
 And with the grey goose wing,
 Such sport now shew, as you would do,
 In the presence of the King.
 They shewed such brave archery,
 By cleaving sticks and wands,
 That the King did say, such men as they,
 Live not in many lands.
 Well Robin Hood, then said the King,
 If I could thy pardon get,
 To serve the King in every thing,

Would

Would'st thou thy mind firm set?
 Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin said,
 So they flung off their hoods,
 To serve the King in every thing,
 They swore they would spend their bloods,
 For a clergyman was my first bane,
 Which makes me hate them all;
 But if you'll be so kind to me,
 Love them again I shall.
 The King no longer could forbear,
 For he was mov'd with truth,
 I am the King, thy sovereign King,
 That appears before you all,
 When Robin saw that it was he,
 Strait then he down did fall.
 Stand up again, then said the King,
 I'll thee thy pardon give;
 Stand up, my friend, who can contend,
 When I give you leave to live?
 So they are all gone to Nottingham,
 All shouting as they came;
 But when the people them did see,
 They thought the king was slain,
 And for that cause the Outlaws were come,
 To rule all they list;
 And for to shun, which way to run,
 The people did not wist.
 The plowman left the plow in the fields,
 The smith run from his shop,
 Old folks also, that scarce could go,
 Over their sticks did hop.
 The King soon did let them understand
 He had been in the green wood,
 And from that day for evermore,
 He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
 When the people they did hear,
 And the truth was known;
 They all did sing, God save the King,
 Hang care, the town's our own.
 What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,
 That varlet I do hate,
 Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
 And serv'd us all with one plate.
 Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean,

Come

Come take your gold again,
 Be friends with me, and I with thee,
 And to with every man.
 Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
 And since you are the beginner,
 As well as you, give me my due,
 For you ne'er paid for that dinner.
 But if that it should please the King
 So much your house to grace,
 To sup with you for to speak true,
 I know you ne'er was base.
 The sheriff could not gainsay,
 For a trick was put upon him:
 A supper was drest, the King was his guest,
 But he thought 'twould undone him.
 They are all gone to London court,
 Robin Hood with all his train,
 He once was there a noble peer,
 And now he's there again.
 Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,
 While he liv'd in the green wood,
 Now, my friends, attend, and hear an end
 Of honest Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD and the Golden Arrow.



WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham
 Was come with mickle grief,
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
 That strong and sturdy thief.—[Fal lal dal de.]
 So unto London road he past,
 His losses to unfold
 To King Richard who did regard
 The tale that he had told.
 Why, quoth the King, what shall I do?

Art thou not sheriff for me,
 The law is in force, go take thy course
 Of them that injure thee :
 Go get thee gone, and by thyself,
 Devise some tricking game ;
 For to enthrall yon rebels all
 Go take thy course with them.
 So away the sheriff he return'd,
 And by the way he thought
 Of the words of the King, and the thing
 To pass might well be brought ;
 For within his mind he imagined,
 That when such matches were,
 Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
 Would be the bowmen there.
 So an arrow with a golden head,
 And shaft of silver white,
 Who won the day should bear away,
 For his own proper right.
 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
 Under the green wood tree ;
 Come prepare you then, my merry men,
 We'll go yon sport to see.
 With that step forth a brave young man,
 David of Doncaster,
 Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
 From the green wood we'll not stir.
 To tell the truth I'm well inform'd,
 Yon match it is a wile ;
 The sheriff, I wiss, devises this,
 Us archers to beguile.
 Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
 Thy words do not please me :
 Come on't what will, I'll try my skill,
 At yon brave archery.
 O then bespoke brave Little John,
 Come let us thither gang ;
 Come listen to me how it shall be,
 That we need not be ken'd,
 Our mantles all of Lincoln green,
 Behind us we will leave ;
 We'll dress us all so several,
 They shall not us perceive.
 One shall wear white, another red,

One yellow, another blue;
 Thus in disguise in the exercise,
 We'll gang, whate'er ensue!
 Forth from the green wood they are gone,
 With hearts all firm and stout,
 Resolving with the sheriff's men,
 To have a hearty bout.
 So themselves they mix'd with the rest,
 To prevent all suspicion;
 For if they should together hold,
 They thought it no discretion.
 So the sheriff looking round about,
 Amongst eight hundred men,
 But could not see the fight that he,
 Had long expected then.
 Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
 And all his men to boot,
 Sure none of them could pass these men,
 So bravely they do shoot.
 Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
 I thought he would have been here;
 I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
 He durst not now appear.
 O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,
 He vexed in his blood;
 Ere long, thought he, thou shalt well see,
 That here was Robin Hood.
 Some cried blue jacket, some cried brown,
 And the third cried brave yellow,
 But the fourth man said, yon man in red,
 In this place has no fellow.
 For that was Robin Hood himself,
 For he was cloath'd in red;
 At every shot the prize he got,
 For he was sure and dead.
 So the arrow with the golden head,
 And shaft of silver white,
 Brave Robin Hood won and bore with him,
 For his own proper right,
 These outlaws there that very day,
 To shun all kind of doubt,
 By three or four, no less nor more,
 As they went in, came out,
 Until they all assembled were,

Under the green wood shade,
 There they relate in pleasant sport,
 What brave pastime they made;
 Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
 How that yon sheriff may
 Know certainly, that it was I,
 That bore his arrow away.
 Says Little John my counsel good,
 Did take effect before;
 So therefore now if you will allow,
 I will advise once more.
 Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
 Thy wit's both quick and sound,
 This I advise, said Little John,
 That a letter shall be penn'd,
 And when it is done, to Nottingham
 You to the sheriff shall send,
 That is well advis'd, said Robin Hood,
 But how must it be sent;
 Pugh! when you please, it's done with ease,
 Master, be you content,
 I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 And shoot it into the town,
 Direction shall shew where it must go,
 Whenever it lights down.
 The project it was full perform'd,
 The sheriff that letter had,
 Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
 And rav'd like one that was mad.
 So we'll leave him chafing in his greafe,
 Which will do him no good;
 Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end,
 Of honest Robin Hood.

ROBIN HOOD and the Valiant Knight ;
 To gether with an Account of his Death and Burial.
 Tune of, Robin Hood and the Fifteen Foresters.



WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,
 Derry derry down,
 Had reign'd many years,
 The king was then told, that they had been bold,
 To his bishops and noble peers.
 Hey down, derry derry down;
 Therefore they call'd a council of state,
 To know what was to be done,
 For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd,
 The land would be over run.
 Having consulted a whole summer's day,
 At length it was agreed,
 That one should be sent to try the event,
 And fetch him away with speed.
 Therefore a worthy and trusty knight,
 The king was pleas'd to call,
 Sir William by name, when to him he came,
 He told him his pleasure all.
 Go from hence to bold Robin Hood,
 And bid him, without more ado,
 Surrender himself, or the proud elf,
 Shall suffer with all his crew,
 Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
 All chosen men of might,
 Of excellent art for to take thy part,
 In glittering armour bright.
 Then said the knight, my sovereign lieges.
 By me they shall be led;
 I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,

And bring him alive or dead.
 One hundred men were chosen strait,
 As proper as e'er men saw,
 On Midsummer-day they marched away,
 To conquer that brave outlaw.
 With long yew bows, and shining spears,
 They marched in mickle pride,
 And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd,
 'Till they came to the green wood side.
 Said he to his archers, tarry here;
 Your bows make ready all,
 That if need should be, you may follow me,
 And see that you observe my call.
 I'll go in person first, he cry'd,
 With the letters of my good king,
 Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
 We need not draw one string.
 He wander'd about, till at length he came
 To the tent of Robin Hood,
 The letter he shews, bold Robin arose,
 And there on his guard he stood.
 They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
 And lie at their mercy then,
 But tell them from me, that never shall be,
 While I have full seven score men.
 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
 Did offer to seize him there,
 Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
 And bid him that trick to forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 And blew a blast or twain,
 And so did the knight, at which there in fight,
 The archers came all again.
 Sir William with care he drew up his men,
 And plac'd them in battle array;
 Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind,
 Now this was a bloody fray.
 The archers on both sides bent their bows,
 And the clouds of arrows flew;
 The very first flight that honoured knight,
 Did there bid the world adieu.
 Yet nevertheless their fight did last
 From morning till almost noon;
 Both parties were stout, and loth to give out,

This was on the last day of June,
 At length they went off; one party they went
 For London, with right good will;
 And Robin Hood he to the green wood tree,
 And there he was taken ill,
 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,
 And took his life away;
 Now this being done, his archers they run,
 It was not a time to stay.
 Some went on board, and cross'd the seas,
 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
 But soon return'd again.
 Thus he, that never fear'd bow nor spear,
 Was murdered by letting of blood,
 And so, loving friends, the story doth end,
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood:
 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which, reader, here you have,
 To this very day, read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Set on his TOMB by the Prioress of BIRKSLAY Monastery,
 in Yorkshire.

ROBIN Earl of Huntingdon,
 Lies under this little stone;
 No Archer was like him so good;
 His Wildness nam'd him Robin Hood:
 Full thirteen years, and some thing more,
 These Northern Parts he vexed sore,
 Such Outlaws as He and his Men,
 May England never know again.

The

The New R O B I N H O O D.

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A S blythe as the linnet sings in the green woods,
So blythe, so blythe, we'll wake the morn,
So blythe, so blythe, &c
And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind; we'll wind the bugle horn.
We'll wind the bugle horn,

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,
 Bold Robin, bold Robin disdains to fly.
 Bold Robin, bold Robin, &c.
 Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
 Or vanquish, vanquish, boys, or die.
 We'll vanquish, &c.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are good,
And well, and well their master know,
And well, and well, &c.
They are cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er, and ne'er will spare a foe.
And ne'er, and ne'er, &c.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them, we'll hunt them all over the plain,
We'll hunt them, &c.
And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft, no shaft shall fly in vain.
No shaft, &c.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdu'd,
Gave each his hand, his hand so bold,
Gave each his hand, &c.
We'll range thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,
What say, what say, my hearts of gold.
What say, &c.

AN INDEX

OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

		Page
1	R OBIN HOOD's Birth, and Parentage	5
2	Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham	10
3	Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield	12
4	_____ and the Bishop	14
5	_____ and the Butcher	16
6	_____ and the Tanner	19
7	_____ and the Tinker	23
8	_____ and Allen-a-Dale	27
9	_____ and the Shepherd	30
10	_____ and the Fryar	33
11	_____ Reviv'd	37
12	_____ and Queen Catherine	40
13	_____ 's Chace	44
14	_____ 's Golden Prize	47
15	_____ and Will Stutely	49
16	_____ 's Preferment	53
17	_____ 's Delight	56
18	_____ and the Beggars	59
19	_____ and the Prince of Arragon	62
20	Little John and the four Beggars	68
21	Robin Hood and the Ranger	70
22	_____ and Little John	73
23	_____ and the Bishop of Hereford	77
24	_____ ref. using the three 'Squires	79
25	The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood	81
26	Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow	85
27	_____ and the Valiant Knight	89
28	Robin Hood's Epitaph	91
29	New Robin Hood	92

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